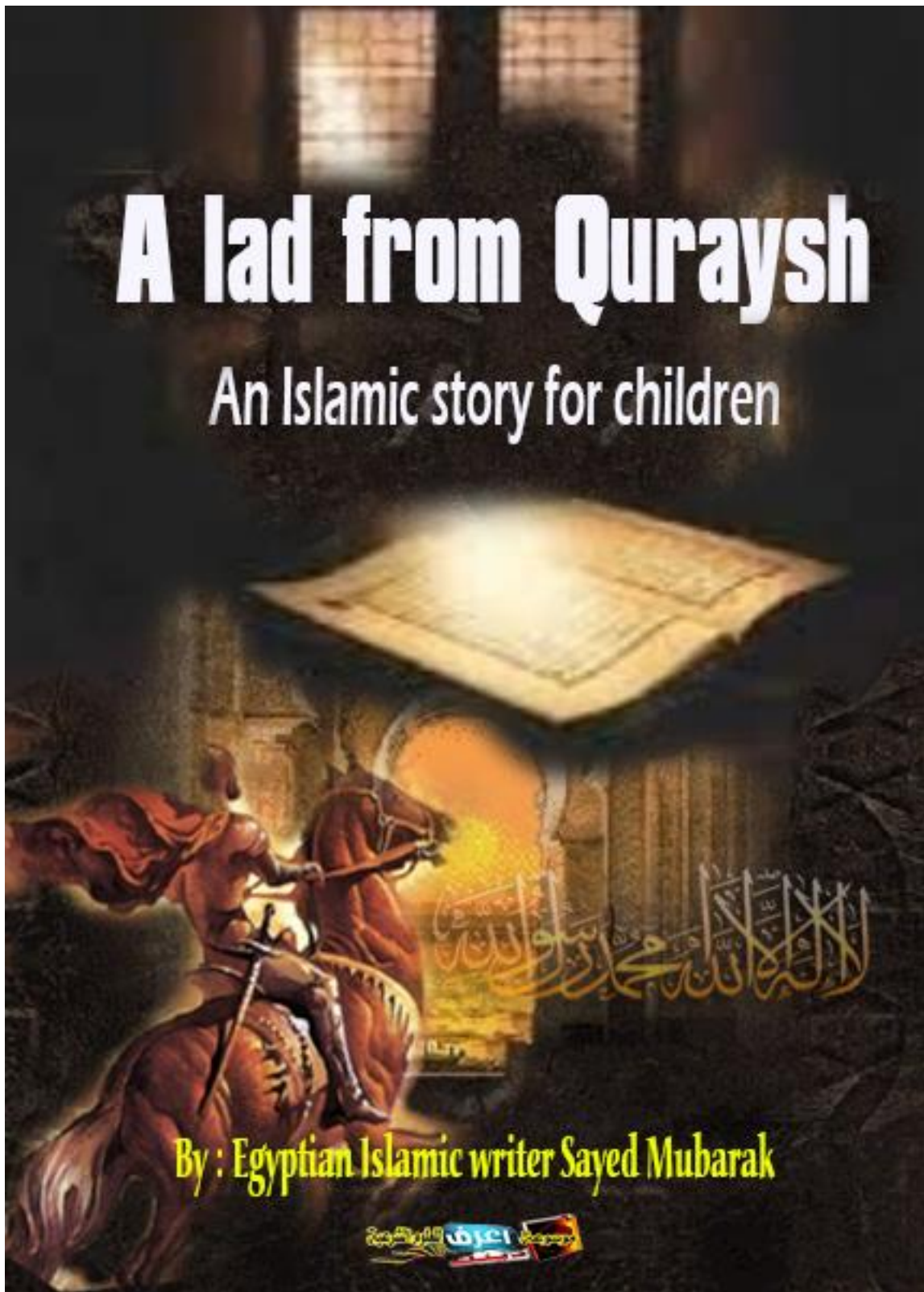


A lad from Quraysh

An Islamic story for children



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السلام عليكم ورحمة الله وبركاته

In the quiet comfort of his home, Qais ibn Rabah humbly knelt before the idols he had handcrafted from clay. He had placed these idols in a sacred corner of his home which was befitting for their mighty presence. He had devoted his whole life for the sake of these deities.

Why wouldn't he? Such devotion was not without a reason, for it was they who had bestowed their favor upon him and his extraordinary swordsmithing. His name had spread among the vast expanse of Arab tribes for his ability to shape silver-gleaming weapons. Everyone boasted amongst themselves about the might and durability of their swords, however, the ones who owned swords crafted by Qais ibn Rabah, embellished by his special seal, held their heads high with pride and got unending praise.

The truth was that his trade from swordsmithing was both prosperous and famous. His workshop was situated next to his house where every swing of his hammer shaped a mighty creation, the sword.



The tale begins as Qais ibn Rabah sits before one of the idols pouring forth his prayers. "O great deity," he softly said, "Thank you for your benevolence and generosity. It is your favor through which Qais ibn Rabah has become a figure

known to all and his swords are desired by all.”, he thanked reverently. “O deity! My wife, Asma bint Sakhar, is in her last month of pregnancy and...”

His voice cut off for a moment as the thought of his pregnant wife came to his mind. He feared that his upcoming child might be a daughter who would bring shame and disgrace to him. This was due to the culture they belonged to as daughters were viewed as bearers of dishonor and disgrace to the fathers. He dreaded the idea of having to isolate himself because of his child, which would damage his reputation and result in losing both his livelihood and his identity. This helpless state might even force him to bury his daughter alive, just as many from his tribe do.



This heinous act has been mentioned by Allah in His Holy Book: *{And when one of them is informed of [the birth of] a female, his face becomes dark, and he suppresses grief. He hides himself from the people because of the ill of which he has been informed. Should he keep it in humiliation or bury it in the ground? Unquestionably, evil is what they decide.}* [16:59]

He was emotionally charged and tears threatened to come out of his eyes as he continued, “O deity! Answer my plea. Grant me a son who would be the source of pride amongst my tribe and a pillar of strength for me in my work. Don’t shame me by granting me a daughter who would bring disgrace upon me and will tackle me into scandals.”



He gulped trying to calm himself down, and went back to supplicating with renewed determination. Suddenly, he heard his wife's cry piercing through the walls of his home. He rushed to her room without hesitation to know the cause of her distress but found her collapsed on the floor in agonizing labor pain.

Qais yelled, "O mercy of gods!" and rushed out of his house. "O sons of Abd Manaf, aid my wife. Let one of you call his wife to assist mine. She's in labor, hurry for the sake of god!", he called upon his people and neighbors.

Arabs were renowned for their generosity and bravery as their hearts were filled with kindness. They were considered openhanded people who never failed to fulfill the duty of hospitality and would always aid the needy without any hesitation, be it strangers or kin. Despite their polytheistic beliefs and their adherence to cultural norms that lacked sympathy, they were an example of utmost hospitality.

As soon as they heard Qais's request, several women from his neighbors rushed to his house without any hesitation.

Meanwhile, Qais remained outside, finding comfort in the supportive talks of his caring neighbors.

One of them said: "O Qais, fear not, by the god 'Habl' everything will be fine."



Qais looked at him, wrestling with the negative thoughts that were flooding his mind. His eyes were glued to the door of his house, anxious whether a son or daughter will be born. Just as he was deep in his thoughts, an elderly lady from

his neighbors appeared, “Congratulations Qais! It’s a boy. Thank the gods, my son.” she congratulated.

Upon hearing the good news, his neighbors gathered around him to congratulate the new dad. The excitement took over Qais and he immediately rushed to the Kaaba and prostrated before the idols and thanked them for the blessing of a son. That moment was overwhelming as tears flowed through his eyes. It was a tension release after the most anxious moments of childbirth. Then he lifted his head and raised his hands praying: “O great gods! I solemnly swear that I will raise my son to be one of the greatest men of Quraysh. This child will sacrifice his life for his religion and your sake. I will plant in his heart a love for you greater than his love for me and my love for him. He shall prioritize your pleasure over my pleasure. I will make him your devoted servant.”



Khalid ibn Qais Sees the Prophet PBUH:

Our hero, Khalid ibn Qais, grew up in his father’s house until he was ten years of age. He would sometimes aid his father in his work and at other times he would play with boys his age from his tribe.

Khalid was known to be a courageous boy who excelled in wrestling with the other boys. His strong physique, intelligence that exceeded his age, and rapid swiftness made him the leader of his group.

However, despite all these qualities, he felt a sense of unease within himself. He would feel as if his life lacks guidance and ambition. There was no excitement nor

a goal in his life. His days were monotonous and his routine was unhealthy. He always felt as if he was made for a greater purpose and this feeling puzzled him.



While he was lost deep in thought, something utterly unexpected happened. His line of thinking snapped and he was pulled out of his deep trance as he saw a big group of men, women, and children rushing past his house as if they were running away from a monster who wanted to kill them. He stumbled due to the rush so he regained his steps and asked in astonishment and confusion, “What is happening?”.

Soon his confusion was cleared when he heard a voice calling from Mount Safa which gradually became clear. “O sons of Fihir, O sons of Adi, O sons of so and so, O sons of Abd Manaf, O sons of Abdul Mutalib.”



Khalid wondered about the one calling upon his tribe. The reason was evident when a man from his tribe replied while running: “Hurry up! Muhammad, the magician who introduced a new religion to us, wants to affect us with what has affected him. Let's have a good laugh. You don't want to miss it.”

Khalid has already heard bits and pieces about Muhammad PBUH from his father. He was told that Muhammad PBUH is a poet who says strange things and mocks the people of Quraysh. He and his followers call people secretly towards a completely new and different religion. His father also mentioned that Muhammad PBUH claims to be a messenger sent by his Lord. The Lord who is a single true

God without any partners. He recalled the moment when they were sitting together while his father was describing Muhammad PBUH. His father mocked the prophet's words as he pointed towards the idols in the house and asked, "What about these then?". His sarcastic tone left them all laughing together. Despite this, his father cautioned him not to pay attention to what Muhammad or his followers had to say, so they wouldn't fall under his spell and lose their faith. Khalid pondered upon the situation, "What's stopping me from listening to him myself? I will be the judge of what he has to say." With that thought he hurried towards the gathering crowd.



The crowd was big and the voice was clear and distinct, yet he wasn't able to see properly. He was bumping into the crowd to get to the front rows eager to see and hear properly.

And there stood Muhammad PBUH, directly in front of him on Mount Safa. His voice was loud and confident. He asked the crowd a question: "If I were to tell you, that an army at the foot of this mountain is ready to attack you, would you believe me?"

The crowd raised their voices and answered: "Yes! We've never seen you speak falsely. You never utter anything but the truth."

Khalid paid keen attention as he was well aware that after making the crowd admit to his honesty and truthfulness, he will strike them with his words.

Khalid ibn Qais hearing the Prophet PBUH:

“I am a warner to you of a severe punishment.”, the Prophet PBUH continued. He spoke a few more words that were inaudible due to the uproar of the crowd who opposed his warning of a punishment from a Lord they don’t believe in. However, the crowd was soon quietened by the strong and dignified presence of Muhammad PBUH.



The voice of the Prophet PBUH resurged, strong and clear as ever:

“O Quraysh! Save yourself from the fire, as I possess no power over you from Allah nor do I possess any power to inflict harm or benefit you.

O people of Ka’ab ibn Luay! Save yourself from the fire, as I possess no power to inflict harm or bring benefit to you from Allah.

O people of Murrah ibn Ka’ab! Save yourselves from the fire.

O people of Qusay! Save yourself from the fire, as I possess no power to inflict harm or bring benefit upon you from Allah.

O people of Abd Manaf! Save yourself from the fire, as I possess no power to inflict harm or bring benefit upon you from Allah. I don’t avail anything of you from Allah.

O people of Abd Shams, save yourself from the fire.

O people of Bani Hashim, save yourself from the fire.

O people of Abdul Mutalib, save yourself from the fire, as I don’t possess anything of you from Allah, ask me whatever you want from my wealth.

O Abbas ibn Abd Mutalib, I possess no power to shield you from Allah.

O Safiyah bint Abd Mutalib, aunt of the Messenger of Allah, I possess no power to shield you from Allah.

O Fatima, daughter of Muhammad, Messenger of Allah, ask me whatever you wish from my wealth, save yourself from the fire, as I possess no power to inflict harm or bring benefit upon you from Allah, except that I will intercede on your behalf.”



After the Prophet's address and his warning to all the tribes, including Khalid's tribe, people started to leave with different expressions on their faces. Some were laughing mockingly, not taking his words seriously. Some felt fear and doubt creeping within them as his words stunned them. And some showed signs of them believing everything that the Prophet said.

The people left but Khalid remained where he was, studying the reactions of the people. The Prophet's words had a big impact on his heart. He believed deep down that the Prophet PBUH was indeed speaking the truth. Khalid was captivated as he watched the Prophet. His heart was racing and he felt a strange force pulling him toward the truth.

He was fighting the urge to declare at the top of his lungs that: "There is no god but Allah and you are His Messenger."



While he was admiring the Prophet, a voice pierced through the valley: “Woe to you, throughout the day! Did you gather us for this reason?” Khalid was taken aback by the sudden harsh words. When he turned around to look at the addresser, he recognized the man immediately. It was Abu Lahab, a stone-hearted person. Khalid had heard about Abu Lahab from his father previously. He was one of the leaders of Quraysh and the Prophet’s uncle. His wife also mirrored him in opposition to Muhammad’s prophethood. He had also heard from people that Allah has addressed Abu Lahab and his wife in the Quran as: { *May the hands of Abu Lahab be ruined, and ruined is he. His wealth will not avail him or that which he gained. He will [enter to] burn in a Fire of [blazing] flame And his wife [as well] - the carrier of firewood. Around her neck is a rope of [twisted] fiber.* }



Throughout the entire way home, the Prophet's words kept repeating in his mind. He kept questioning himself: “Is the Prophet right? And if he is, why aren’t they believing him even after confessing to his truthfulness? How is the Prophet so sure about the severe punishment awaiting us? He even warned his family and his daughter.”

Khalid thought silently, cautious of revealing his thoughts. He feared that someone might overhear and tell his father. But, the doubt in his heart was taking over his mind.

“The men who follow him like Abu Bakr, Othman ibn Affan, Abdur Rahman ibn Auf and Zubair ibn Alawam belong to Quraysh’s wealthy, powerful and weak. How did he deceive them?” he asked himself.



“I don’t believe it to be deception. He is a truthful man and the evidence of it is the Quran which circulates among his people as he claims it to be the word of God.” Khalid had even heard some words of the Quran. Although unfamiliar with the words, he memorized them effortlessly. He began to read some of it: {*Prophet Muhammad PBUH said: A book is sent to me, it is the book of Allah and it preludes with the name of Allah, Ar-Rahman, the Especially Merciful. Praise is for Allah, Lord of the Worlds, Ar-Rahman, the Entirely Merciful Sovereign of the Day of Recompense. It is You we worship and You we ask for help. Guide us to the straight path - The path of those upon whom You have bestowed favor, not of those who have evoked [Your] anger or of those who are astray.*} [Surah Fatiha]



As he recited these words, he fully savored their sweetness and supreme beauty. And just like that, a beam of faith in Allah and His Messenger illuminated his heart, increasing his belief and pushing aside all his doubts.

This marked the beginning of a new life, one that he had been longing for.

Khalid Keeping His Faith a Secret:

Time stretched on as Khalid remained steadfast in his faith in secrecy. He used to witness the Polytheists torture and abuse the Muslims just because they believed in Allah and rejected the idols. This raised concerns about his parents in his heart as he feared that his religious beliefs can harm them.

However, this didn't stop him from following news about the Prophet PBUH. Every time he heard that the Prophet was present somewhere, he hurried to see and hear him. Due to his young age, no one grew suspicious of him either.



One day, as he was listening and admiring the Prophet PBUH, something unexpected happened.

A man sitting beside him handed him a parchment. The man smiled and said: "I gave you a piece with words you must only read in a place where no one can see you."

Confused, Khalid asked: "Why me?"

The man smiled and whispered in his ear: "Dive into people's eyes and you'll know the secret."

Khalid studied people's eyes and focused on their gazes, then turned to the man and replied: "I don't understand what you mean! What do people's eyes have to do with this parchment? What have you written on it?"

The man smiled and said: "Take it easy, young man. What's your name?"

Khalid replied: "I am Khalid ibn Qais."

The man replied: "Nice to meet you, Khalid." He then whispered again to make sure no one could eavesdrop: "Do you see how people's eyes respond to Muhammad's words as he tells them the commands of his Lord? Their gazes vary from ridicule and mockery to doubt and uncertainty of his words."

Khalid nodded in agreement as the man continued; “However, I have observed a different expression in your gaze, one that is familiar only to those who have encountered it previously and have known its worth.”



Khalid was surprised, “What look did you see in my eyes?” he asked curiously.

The man nervously looked around to ensure no one could hear and said: “It is the look of a lover. Your eyes reflect the intensity of affection you have for Muhammad. Your gaze holds secrets that only a heart in search of the truth can comprehend. This is what sets you apart from others.

By the way, I am Walid, and I’m one of the followers of Prophet Muhammad PBUH. Remember me. Who knows? We might cross paths again under better circumstances.”

He then pressed Khalid’s hands together with the parchment in between and said: “Put it in your pocket and guard it with your life.” Just like that, the man blended into the returning crowd leaving Khalid with the parchment. Khalid did just as he was told and hurried home to know what was written inside.



Khalid and the so-called god:

Khalid entered his house and found his father kneeling, supplicating before an idol. Upon sensing his son's presence, his father called out to him.

“Come Khalid. Sit next to me and kneel before the idol.”, his father invited. When Khalid sat, his father placed his hand on Khalid’s shoulder with a fatherly affection and said: “My son, when your mother brought you into this world I made a solemn vow to the gods. I promised to raise you to be one of Quraysh's most esteemed men, someone who would always defend and honor our deities. I see great potential in you. Do not let down my hopes, Khalid.”

His father directed his attention to the idol and continued: “Look at the deity I shaped for you and your mother to worship. It is the guardian of our blessings. We must pay homage to it. It deserves our devotion and obedience. Do you understand what I am saying?”

Khalid replied with a hidden doubt: “Yes, I understand.”

As he sought his father's approval, a sudden interruption from outside their home cut him off. A voice called, "Is anyone inside? O Qais ibn Rabah, come out at once.”

“We will continue this conversation later. It looks like someone is looking for us. Maybe he wants to buy a sword.”, Qais said to his son. “I must attend to some work now, so I will take my leave. While I am gone, I want you to devote yourself to this deity by offering supplications. These deities possess the power to make the impossible, possible and they listen and answer your prayers.”

Khalid nodded and his father left the house. He sat there contemplating while tracing his finger to the idol's form. "My Lord! I am your humble servant, Khalid. Do you hear me?"

"My Lord! As the bravest among the boys in my tribe, I come to you with a heavy heart. Can you see the emotions that linger within me? Is it evident to you how sorrowful I am? My Lord! I am supplicating before you. I seek your wisdom and guidance to find my purpose and fulfill my potential. Despite my courage, I am not content with the life I lead, which I spent mostly playing. Can you tell me what I should do?"

Khalid paused his supplication and looked at the mute idol in front of him. The truth struck him as he thought to himself: "How could we worship a lifeless stone that neither hears, sees nor speaks? How could it have any impact on my life, be it positive or negative?"



At this moment, he came to the profound realization that the words spoken by Muhammad PBUH were undoubtedly truthful. He realized that Muhammad is indeed a messenger sent by Allah who warns us of His punishment and power. Khalid's sharp intellect and brilliant understanding led him to recognize that the so-called deities people made with their own hands were mere lifeless stones. His mind couldn't accept the fact that people sculpt their own gods according to their wishes and then worship them for their power. "What power do these mute idols possess?" , he said in disbelief.

Then, he remembered the parchment given to him by the man and the advice of not opening it unless he was alone. He searched the room to make sure he was alone and brought out the parchment with a trembling hand.

“Say, “O disbelievers, I do not worship what you worship. Nor are you worshippers of what I worship. Nor will I be a worshipper of what you worship. Nor will you be worshippers of what I worship. For you is your religion, and for me is my religion.”



Khalid's Confrontation with the Idol:

After reading the parchment, he looked back at the idol and mockingly said, “This is the Lord of Muhammad who calls me to worship him alone. I see his words. He sent his messenger to me, to warn against worshipping deities other than Him. So, what about you?

Where have your words been all these years? What do you command me to do? Why do we worship you and the others like you? Where is your wrath? And who created me? You or the others?

Where is your messenger? No wonder you are a mute stone, unable to hear and unable to benefit.”

Despite the potential risks of provoking his father and facing severe punishment, a daring idea crossed his mind. But after some consideration, he didn't care about the punishment. He was steadfast in his determination to expose the truth about these deities to his parents.

Destroying the Idol:

When Qais ibn Rabah stepped out of his house to see who was calling him, he saw an angered man from his tribe.

The man furiously stated, "Qais ibn Rabah! The skilled swordsmith. I am looking for a sword that can cut throats in a single hit. Price is no concern; you can demand anything."

Qais said to the furious man, "Calm down brother! You are angry and anger doesn't lead to good outcomes. Tell me what's troubling you. Why do you need such a sword?"

The man replied: "Woe to you Qais! This is your fault. You are always indulged in your surroundings unaware of recent events. Didn't you hear what happened? The Quraysh tribe has turned on their leader, and it is a dire situation.

"By the deity 'Habl', what happened?" Qais asked.

"Muhammad ibn Abd Mutalib cursed our gods. He claims to be a messenger of a single true God.", the man replied. "He stood on Mount Safa and warned the tribes of a severe punishment."

Qais replied: "I was aware of his sermon but I couldn't attend due to my busy schedule and...."

The man cut him off and said: "I swear to god, my wife and son started questioning our idols. I was about to kill them." He changed the subject and said:

"I swear to god Qais, it would be a big mistake if we leave this man to exploit our people. Give me a sword; I cannot bear with this anymore."

“Take whatever you wish, but don’t do anything that will make you regret it later.”, Qais told the man. “Be sensible and don’t think that he will be able to roam around freely. The leaders of Quraysh won't let him do that. So, wait and don’t rush. Leave this matter to others. Solving this problem requires patience and wisdom.” Qais’s reassuring words convinced the man and he left without taking anything.



Qais returned to his home where he left Khalid, thinking about the talk he just had. “It's unbelievable how Muhammad has gone too far by announcing his beliefs to the public after privately spreading them among individuals. He has created an irreversible situation and unleashed a rage that will not lessen until he and his followers are dealt with.” He thought while walking.

Qais stiffened in shock as he watched the unfolding chaos stretching out before him.

The deity he had created was beheaded.

“Who did this? By the lord of the Kaaba, I will kill him for what he has done!” Qais screamed in anger.

He looked around the room and there he saw the terrible sight of his son sitting beside the wall with the chopped-off head in his hand.

“What did you do? And why?” Qais asked his son.

Khalid pulled himself together. He knew that his father was a wise man but the anger in this situation must quiet down, as it makes a man lose control over his thoughts.



So, he said in a soft and calming voice: “Calm down father, I swear that I have found the truth. I have found myself in the talks of the messenger of Allah PBUH. I swear to God, he calls us to an Eternal Self-Existing God whom no one can ever harm.”

He continued pointing out to the chopped-off head of the idol in his hands and said, “Look father, it cannot protect himself, so how will it protect us?!”

“It is a statue made of stones, it can neither benefit nor harm us. You are the one who made it with your own hands. It makes more sense if it worships you; as you are the one who shaped it.”

Qais’s mind was spiraling into madness as he screamed, “Woe to you young man! Beware of what you say!”

“You talk about the truth after you have betrayed my love and trust in you. You have disgraced the idol and chopped off his head, and now you are talking to me about the truth? Didn’t I warn you not to listen to what Muhammad the magician has to say? Shame on you! You disobeyed me without even thinking about what would happen to me and my reputation after people find out what you did. You ungrateful ill-mannered boy.”

“O Khalid’s mother! Come here before I kill your son.” Qais called Khalid’s mother. The panicked mother rushed into the room and exclaimed, “What happened?” Qais pointed out toward the beheaded idol, then toward Khalid who was still holding the chopped-off head. She instantly understood what was happening and said in grief, “Oh Khalid! What have you done, my son? We’re doomed.”

The father said with burning anger:

“What about me who had sworn that Khalid would be sincere to his gods and will protect and defend them? But here he is, degrading the idols.” “I swear to god, I will make you regret your doings.” he threatened his son.

He then grabbed his son and bound his hands and feet as he was about to explode due to the anger building inside him and said:

“Alright! I will look into your matter, and by the Lord Habl, you won’t see any good from me ever again.” He then glared at his wife and said: “Don’t let kindness win you over. I will go to Muhammad and confront him for separating my son from me. I will avenge him and kill him with my own hands. This is the only way the gods will show us mercy and accept our repentance.”

He warned her, not to let Khalid go no matter what his condition is; he is no longer worthy of our compassion and mercy after what he has done.



The grieving mother nodded in agreement. Her face displayed the torment within her. However, she obeyed the monstrous command and said with a heavy heart: “I will do as you say, but remember, he is our only son. Perhaps some bad influence

clouded his mind which made him commit this heinous act. He will regain his senses as time passes by. Please do keep this in your mind.” Her heart felt as if it will explode any second. She was sad and scared as she collapsed to the ground, her strength giving in.

The expanse of Faith:

Qais ibn Rabah was roaming the streets of Makkah as his burning anger overshadowed his usual calm self. He stopped people, both familiar faces and strangers, and asked them about Muhammad. “Where will I find Muhammad? The man who has corrupted our men, women, and children, insulted our religion, cursed our forefathers, and mocked our gods?” This fiery personality was a contrast to his reputation of being patient and opting for peaceful solutions instead of aggression while resolving problems. He was amazed after seeing himself in this state. He would often advise his fellow tribesmen to suppress anger and calmly deal with problems.

His amazement grew even more when he remembered the angry man who wanted to buy a sword to kill Muhammad, and how he convinced him to remain calm and composed and to let the higher-ups handle this problem. And yet, here he stood, in the same situation. What an irony!



As tiredness took over him and the night's darkness descended, he knew that his only refuge from the anger spiraling inside of him was the Kaaba, the House of Allah. He thought that repentance and offering a sacrifice might appease the gods.

Suddenly he felt peace returning to him as this thought crossed his mind. So, he walked towards the Kaaba without thinking about anything else.

Disbelief:

Qais froze in his tracks as he watched the sky in awe.

“What happened to the moon? What happened to the moon?”

He witnessed a miraculous sight that bewildered him and left him speechless.

“This is impossible! It is a miracle.” He exclaimed in amazement.

He regained his senses when he recalled the wrath of the gods. He linked the sight in front of him to the angered gods and his body trembled with fear as he ran towards the Kaaba to seek forgiveness before it was too late.



Meanwhile, Khalid was bound by ropes, unable to move, as his mother cried in agony in front of him. “Mother! Are you angry with me?” he looked at her and asked. “I’ve seen Muhammad with my own eyes, on Mount Safa, as he warned us of a painful punishment and invited us to worship his God. I listened to him and believed him.”

His distressed mother replied in grief: “My son! You brought shame upon us. We will be ruined if people find out about your disbelief in the deities. Didn’t you see how Ummayah ibn Khalaf tortured his slave ‘Bilal’? Didn’t you see how Quraysh treated ‘the family of Yasir’?”

She continued as she was sobbing: “Haven’t you seen how Ammar’s father died due to the extreme torture? And Abu Jahl killed his mother Summaiya as well.

Why did you do that my son when you were your father's pride among his tribe and his people?"

Khalid replied, "Oh Mother! Look at this beheaded god whom you and father worship. Can it hear you? Has it ever spoken and said something to us?"

The mother replied in a soft voice, "You know that it can't speak nor see, but we still worship it because it brings us closer to Allah."

Khalid replied, "Did it tell you or is it what we assumed without any logic?"

"Mother! Muhammad's PBUH God said to him in the Quran:"

"The revelation of the Qur'an is from Allah, the Exalted in Might, the Wise. Indeed, We have sent down to you the Book, [O Muhammad], in truth. So worship Allah, [being] sincere to Him in religion. Unquestionably, for Allah is the pure religion. And those who take protectors besides Him [say], 'We only worship them that they may bring us nearer to Allah in position.' Indeed, Allah will judge between them concerning that over which they differ. Indeed, Allah does not guide he who is a liar and [confirmed] disbeliever." [39:1-3]



"Mother! There is a parchment in my pocket. Take it out and read it yourself. Perhaps Allah will open up your heart and guide you just as He guided me. It is the Quran that is revealed to Muhammad. It is God's true words."

His mother exclaimed: "Oh my God! A parchment! What parchment are you talking about my son?" She slid her hand into his pocket and took out the parchment with trembling hands. She looked at it and read it over and over again.

She sat on the ground in utter shock. Her eyes filled with fear and astonishment. Her hand covered her mouth as she whispered, fearing someone might hear her; “By Allah! These are words I have never heard before. Is this what Muhammad has brought? Are these the words of his God?!”

She looked at the beheaded idol, then to the parchment, and just like that a ray of faith started glimmering in her heart. This was enough for her to see the truth that she avoided all this time. The truth about these so-called gods.



Parting of the Moon:

Meanwhile, Qais, Khalid's father, neared the Kaaba and said,

"This is the Kaaba, standing with all its might right before my eyes. How beautiful and grand it is! The heart finds peace only by looking at it."

He reverently entered the Kaaba to prostrate before the deities. Soon, he sensed panic around him as people were rushing out of the Kaaba. He asked them:

“What happened? Why are you all in such a hurry?”

They replied: “Can’t you see the moon split in half?”

He said: “Yes, I saw it and I was amazed by it. It is something extraordinary that only the creator of the universe and the people is able to do. It might be the revenge of gods as they are angry with us.”

Anger:

“Aren’t you afraid of their revenge?” Qais exclaimed in anger. “The sky might fall onto your heads! Instead of supplicating to calm their anger you are rushing outside. What is wrong with you all?”

They said: “No, what is wrong with you?! Didn’t you hear?”

Qais replied: “Hear what?”

They answered: “Muhammad told Quraysh that he will show them a sign that would be the evidence of his truthfulness and the reality of what he has brought. He claimed that he will make the moon split into two halves. And he has done that. We don’t believe it to be anything but magic.” They left Qais standing there in awe. “Muhammad is the one who did this with his magic? Impossible!” he whispered.

“No human can possibly show a sign like this.” This is when he realized the reality of what he was witnessing. “This isn’t the doing of the deities. It is the God of Muhammad who came to kill him.” he said to himself.

“Woe to you Qais! How can you believe it to be magic? Reason denies it. You are one of the wisest men. How can you deny a sign that the naked eye can witness?”

His heart was refraining him from admitting and acknowledging this realization in front of Muhammad as doing so meant acknowledging Muhammad’s prophethood and his teachings about the one true God. His mind couldn’t accept him turning his eyes on these idols that he had worshipped his entire life. At the same time, he couldn’t dismiss the undeniable miracle unfolding before him at that very moment. He looked at the idols and then at the split moon in the sky.

He then approached the Kaaba and prostrated, not knowing whom to call, Muhammad's God or the deities he wasted his life worshipping.

Doubt took over his heart accompanied by a rush of emotions. He started crying while prostrating, unable to utter anything. Suddenly, he felt a strange serenity in his heart. He lifted his head and looked at the sky, his face glowing and his thoughts clear. It seemed to him that his path and purpose were clear. With that, he raised his hands and appealed: "There is no god but You. If what Muhammad has brought is the truth, O Allah, reunite my family and make us from the believers. I witness that there is no god but Allah and Muhammad is His servant and messenger."

Then he stood up and hurried back home, his heart yearning to see his son 'Khalid' who was the reason for his guidance.

"What a miracle!" he thought to himself. He left his house to kill Muhammad for what he did to his son. And now, he returns with a heart full of love for the Prophet of Allah PBUH. He was eager to meet his son who made him proud again.



Life and Hope:

Qais returned to his home and entered in regret, only to find his son in the same state as he left him. His mother sitting beside him as fear was evident on her face. He didn't see the traumatized look on his wife's face as he was only concerned about his son. He took a dagger that he always had with him in his clothes for

self-defense and approached Khalid to free him from the restraints. However, his wife and Khalid did not realize his intentions and got scared.

The mother got alarmed seeing her husband with the dagger. Khalid started crying, but not for himself as he had already dedicated his life to Allah. He didn't fear death as he had found the truth. But how could a father kill his own child? How will he live on with his life after shedding his child's blood?

Khalid's mother rushed forward and held his hands. "Calm down Qais! He is your child, he is of your own flesh and blood. Will you kill him for something he thought was good?" she confronted.

Qais held her hands softly and said: "Don't worry. I won't kill him. If I did, life would lose all its meaning afterward." She looked at him doubly and said: "Listen Qais. If you want to kill him, then kill me too. For I have believed in what your son has believed and I declare that there is no god but Allah and Muhammad is His messenger. You can do whatever you wish." She stood between him and her son, shielding him with her body.



Qais stood there dumbfounded and thought to himself, "This is how quickly Allah has answered my prayer. He reunited me with my family. What a merciful true God! How generous is the compassionate Lord!"

Then a heartfelt smile displayed on his face as his wife looked at him in disbelief. She wasn't expecting this reaction from him at all.

She didn't get a chance to understand what was happening as he gently moved her aside and said: "Don't worry, Muhammad's Lord has enlightened my heart with his love and I have believed in what you both have believed."

Leaving her awestruck, he moved forward and set his son free. He hugged him tightly, weeping, and said: "Don't hold me accountable for what I did my son. The burden was too heavy for my heart. Praise is for Allah who guided me because of you. I swear I've seen a sign that opened my heart."

Khalid replied with tears building up in his eyes: "All praise to Allah! You are the best father." He then looked at his mother and said: "And you are the best mother. May Allah bless you both. He has granted me the best life in this world because of your blessings." Khalid was moved to tears again and so were his parents. They all cried as tears of contentment and happiness began to flow.



Qais sighed deeply and said: "Praise is for Allah for the blessing of faith. But we have to keep our faith in secrecy to avoid getting hurt by the ones who won't show us any mercy." His tone was serious.

Everyone agreed as a new life began within the walls of their home, a life full of hope. It was a life illuminated with faith and trust in Allah.

They urgently got rid of the idols from their house and Qais continued his work of sword-making as if nothing happened to avoid seeming suspicious to others.

He was waiting for the command of Allah to know what they should do next. They were eagerly waiting for the time to arrive when they can openly declare themselves as Muslims and be proud and happy for their faith. Khalid would still help his father and play with the other boys as well while keeping his faith a secret. He would also occasionally sneak into crowds to know the recent news. This was his new life, a life he longed for.

A meaningful life with the purpose of worshipping an All-Hearing and All-Seeing God. He was waiting for the day when God will ease the hardships of the believers so that he could assist his true religion with all his power.

Meanwhile, his mother stayed at home, taking care of her husband and child and reminding them about Allah's mercy and kindness that brought them all together.



Time passed by and the command to migrate at any cost finally arrived. Khalid and his family were eagerly waiting for this moment. They left everything behind and took with them a few things that would ease their long journey to Medina. Their migration started in secrecy accompanied by many other believers. It indeed was a harsh journey with lots of obstacles and struggles. However, they reunited with their believing brothers and it was enough for them to overcome the obstacles of the harsh journey.

They prayed together and remembered Allah openly and freely as their faces displayed signs of serenity and happiness.

They weren't bothered by the disbelievers nor were they afraid of their threats anymore. They were steadfast in their belief and reliance on Allah. After the long tiring journey, Medina was finally within their sight.

The time had come when their hearts finally found solace and their souls quenched their thirst from the spring of faith.

It was time to declare the Shahada "There is no god but Allah and Muhammad is His messenger" openly without any fear and dread of the disbelievers.

In Medina, life flourished filled with meaningful actions that combined religion and worldly matters in one frame. Love, generosity and brotherhood grew among the Muslim migrants.

The outcome of Jihad in the path of Allah started to show as Islam started to spread. The idols were shattered and people started to enter Islam in large groups.

There are many other incidents and stories of heroes of Islam that await their turn to be shared, but these are stories for another time.

